

THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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Vol. I.

VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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Selected Poetry.

[From the Home Journal.]

PICTURES IN THE COALS.

Sitting by the pleasant fire-side,
In the dark and dull December,
Making pictures in the ashes
Of a slowly dying ember.
Let me not the ashes rising,
Touching like the sunset gleams,
In the valley of my life,
That I ever saw in dreams.

There, between the rows of maple,
In the broad and grassy grove,
There, behind the shadowy branches,
Stands the house plain and neat;
There, beneath the vine-covered porch,
Are forms that never more will come,
For those hearts have ceased their beating,
And those lips are cold and dumb.

But upon the sunny hill-side,
Where the village church does stand,
The shadow of the spirit is waiting,
As if of a child's hand.
Weaving where we see, what shall shimmer,
When our little life is done.

Yonder is the little blue mountain;
There, upon the plain below,
Stands the farmhouse, with its windows,
Gazing in the sunset glow.
A mist now rising from the valley,
Shuts the line between my sight,
But I know you still are there,
And the waterfalls are white.

Yonder are the clover meadows,
Where the twinkling stars are seen,
There my happy little schoolmates,
Playing on the village green.
Forever children, still I love to dream—
Tears are filling fast my eyes,
The burning sun now has fallen;
My village in the ash lies.

O, in vain we're ever striving
After things beyond our reach,
Little heedful all the while,
Life's most joyful things may teach;
Little thinking what rare pleasures
Simple joys may bring our souls—
Even fading, dying embers,
Even pictures in the coals.

Selected Miscellany.

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

THE BARONET'S STORY.

The following story was related to me by an old friend, an Irish baronet, and, as far as my memory serves, I will give it to you in his own words:

About four months after my marriage, it was my wont, each morning after breakfast, to stroll about my garden and fields, until, perhaps, four o'clock, at which hour I returned home to enjoy my wife's society; and when the weather permitted, we occasionally took a walk or ride.

One morning, feeling myself not quite well, I returned much earlier than usual, about eleven o'clock, and went into the house by a back entrance; as neither knocking or ringing announced my arrival, my wife was not aware of my return.

I sought her first in the drawing room, but not finding her there, proceeded to her bed-room, and while passing through my dressing-room to it, I was surprised by a sudden rush to the bed-room door, which was instantly bolted within.

I distinctly heard a low whispering, and, as I thought, hurried receding steps; yet, altogether, I was not kept waiting more than a few seconds. My wife's maid opened the door, when to my great perplexity, I beheld my wife's usually pale face suffused with crimson blushes. I also detected her manœuvring a comb through her hair to hide, from me, her disorderly curls.

"What is the meaning of all this?" thought I, "it is strange! the maid, too, looks confused and much frightened."

"My wife did not hasten to meet me with her usually sunny welcome; there was not even a smile to greet me. At length, recovering herself a little, she, with a hesitating manner, said:

"Well love, how goes on the farm?" But I was grieved, for the first time in my life, I felt that I was not welcome. I felt something was going on, saying, "I will tell you when we meet in the drawing-room," I abruptly quit-
ted her.

Not knowing whether I was going, or why I suffered so frightful a revolution of feeling, I hurried down stairs, rushed through the hall, across the lawn, and plunged into the fire-path that leads to a sequestered part of the grounds; nor did I slacken my pace until I was fully a mile from the house, when I threw myself upon the green bank by the side of the river, the most miserable of men. I who, one half hour before, was the happiest of men, now unaccountably, utterly wretched.

Pride had, at the moment, prevented my asking for an explanation; that, I thought, ought to have been given unthought, and I determined not to ask my lady why my visit was so unwelcome.

But henceforth I resolved to keep a watchful eye upon her. A thousand cruel thoughts crowded upon me, now I had discovered there was something

which my wife concealed from me; she whom I thought so artless, so free from all duplicity.

At this period I had attained my thirtieth year. Lady—was only two years younger than myself, but, from her sweet and girlish style of beauty, and gay, happy manner, no one could suppose her more than twenty. She had been educated on the continent. I knew that soon after leaving school she had received matrimonial proposals—if she had not actually been engaged to a gentleman—before quitting Paris. Hitherto this circumstance had never given me the slightest uneasiness; but now my thought involuntarily reverted to it, and haunted me day and night.

Between my wife and her maid there was an unusual intimacy, owing, as I understood, to the latter being what is called an old follower of the family. This woman was one of the tallest I ever saw, and large in proportion, her face was handsome, the features strongly defined; her eyes large, intensely dark and penetrating; her long ringlets looked false; in appearance she would have said that she was nearer fifty than forty. This person, with her erect figure, was, taken altogether, what many would pronounce a very fine looking woman, but somewhat masculine.

Having described my wife's maid, how shall I tell you of the horrible suspicion which seized upon my imagination?

I thought, perhaps, the maid—was her foreign lover in disguise! And yet I did not, could not, believe it, though the frightful idea never absented itself from my brain. To hint such a thought to my beautiful Agnes, my beloved wife, I could never bring myself. I strove rather to banish the idea from my mind as a suggestion of Satan.

From that day I became much changed, both in the outward and inward man. My happiness was gone; my naturally light and cheerful manner gave place to irritability and gloom. Time flew on, days and weeks passed without any particular occurrence, until one morning having arranged to accompany a gentleman in the neighborhood on a fishing excursion, I informed Agnes that I should not return until evening, when I would bring my friend to dinner.

Immediately after breakfast, we started in a dog-cart. We had not proceeded more than four miles, when, in turning a corner of the road, a boy, who was shooting sparrows, fired so near the horse's heels that it took fright and dashed off at a furious gallop, nor stopped until we were nipped into a ditch. We were compelled to give up our day's excursion, and leaving the groom to take care of the bruiséd horses, my friend and I walked smartly home by a short cut and entered the house, after conducting my friend into the drawing-room, I hastened up stairs to relate our disaster to Agnes.

As I passed through my dressing-room, I found the door was again bolted, and I distinctly heard my wife say, with a faltering voice, "He is returned; we are discovered!" The scales fell from my eyes; I had no longer any doubts; my worst fears were realized!

Oh, the agony of the moment! I staggered back a few paces, my head reeled, my heart felt bursting; and I had well nigh fallen to the ground, when a frenzy of rage and despair seized me, I made one rush at the door, and roared "instant admittance!" Agnes opened the door and stood trembling before me; her attendant flew to the farthest end of the apartment. I dashed my wife aside, shouting, "this moment quit my house!" and darting across the room, seized my rival by the throat, thundering forth "confess all, or this instant you die!"

There was a moment's pause; oh, the agony of that moment! Pale as a corpse, Agnes stood transfixed with horror, gazing breathlessly upon the tableau before her, while in suffocating accents, my victim sobbed out, "Oh! sir, sir, as sure as life is in my poor body, I have nothing to confess but—that I was plucking out mistress's gray hairs."

RURAL TASTE.—What is more beautiful than a well developed shade tree? It may occupy a place by our dwelling, by the way-side, or in the pasture or field. It possesses the same noble picturesque appearance. There is nothing that adds so much to the beauty of the well-arranged country farm-house,—giving it a spirit of real rural loveliness—as a surrounding of stately trees. They may be the elegant maple or the tall and noble elm, occasionally interspersed with some evergreen fir and pine, the effect is at once pleasing and ennobling in its tendency. The stately mansion of the rich, no less than the lowly cottage of the poor, is ornamented by their wide-spread and shadowy branches. And we are led to ask, why is it that we see so little interest manifested in this direction? Is it that we have no taste for the beautiful and picturesque in nature? Is it that we feel no interest in regard to the beauty and loveliness of our homes and homes? That cannot be. There may be a want of rural taste, a lack in the proper appreciation of rural beauty as seen by the truly cultivated eye; these sylvan appendages to our country homes, among our farmers,—which is apparently so much the case. It remains for us then, to cultivate our minds in this particular, to improve our tastes in rural affairs, not only in regard to our residences proper, but to their surroundings, and in every place and position where improvement can be made.

Villages and neighbors—even a willing half-dozen can accomplish much by uniting their heads, hands and hearts, not only in elevating the character of

the people by giving expansion to their minds and developing within them the love of the beautiful, but by practically exhibiting good works in ornamenting public grounds and highways with shade trees. What nobler monument can be heaved from wood or stone, and reared to the memory of true greatness, than the now lofty oak, maple or elm, that has grown to such vast dimensions and stood the rack of ages? What more fitting memorial can testify to the magnanimity of the fathers of past generations, whose kindly hand first planted the acorn or dropped the seed whence grew these towering sentinels?

Every village and hamlet should have its society organized especially for the purpose of rural improvement, to beautify and adorn public parks, commons and highways, or such other works as the outward good or comeliness of the place may demand. There is nothing that gives character and a good name to a town, village or neighborhood more than a look of neatness and order, and an exhibition of an elevated rural taste in all that goes to comprise such town, village or neighborhood. Dwellings and out-buildings exhibiting an appearance of neatness and repair; streets cleanly, in good condition and well ornamented with thrifty and well selected shade trees; fences tastefully and thoroughly built, and painted or whitewashed; all combined to give elegance and beauty to the place, and show to the passer-by that a people of thrift and refinement inhabit it.—*Colonian.*

MY CAVE-LIFE IN VICKSBURG.

By the Wife of a Confederate Officer.

During the siege of Vicksburg many of the non-combatants remained in the city, taking shelter during the frequent bombardments in caves or cellars dug for that purpose in the clay of the banks. The little volume whose title appears above gives some graphic pictures of this strange and perilous life. It is written by a woman of culture and refinement, who, though southern in her convictions and sympathies, shows none of the bitterness of the partisan, but records whatever of generous and heroic on either side has met her womanly eyes. She thus speaks of the terrible places of shelter to which for many weeks the women and children were confined:

"Caves were the fashion—the rage—over besieged Vicksburg. Negroes, who understood their business, hired themselves out to dig them, at from thirty to fifty dollars, according to the size. Many persons, considering different localities unsafe, would sell them to others, who had been less fortunate, or less provident; and so great was the demand for cave workmen, that a new branch of industry sprang up and became popular—particularly as the personal safety of the workmen was secured, and money would light."

"Some families had light bread made in large quantities, and subsisted on it with milk (provided their cows were not killed from one milking time to another), without any more cooking, until called on to replenish. Though most of us lived on corn bread and bacon, served three times a day, the only luxury of the meal consisting in its warmth. I had some flour, and frequently had some hard, tough biscuit made from it, there being no soda or yeast to be procured. At this time we could also, procure beef. A gentleman friend was kind enough to offer me his camp bed, a narrow spring mattress, which fitted within the contracted cave very comfortably; nothing or had his tent pitched over the mouth of our residence to shield us from the sun; and thus I was the recipient of many favors, and under obligations to many gentlemen of the army for delicate and kind attentions; and, in looking back to my trials at that time, I shall ever remember with gratitude the kindness with which they strove to ward off every deprivation. And so I went regularly to work, keeping house under ground. Our new habitation was an excavation made in the earth, and branching six feet from the entrance, forming a cave in the shape of a T. In one of the wings my bed fitted; the other I used as a kind of a dressing room; in this the earth had been cut down a foot or two below the floor of the main cave; I could stand erect here; and when tired of sitting in other portions of my residence, I bowed myself into it, and stood impassively resting at full light—one of the variations in the daily shell-expectant life. My servant cooked for us, under protection of the hill. Our quarters were close, indeed; yet I was more comfortable than I expected I could have been made under the earth in that fashion. We were safe at least from fragments of shell—and they were flying in all directions; though no one seemed to think our cave any protection should a mortar shell happen to fall directly on top of the ground above us. We had our roof arched and braced; the supports of the bracing taking up much room in our confined quarters. The earth was about five feet thick above, and seemed hard and compact; yet, poor M—, every time he came in, examined it, fearing amid some of the shocks it sustained, that it might crack and fall upon us."

This danger was by no means imaginary; in various instances these cavernous cells collapsed, either from the jar of constant explosions or from their own weakness, burying their inmates in a premature grave. The cave was but a choice of evils, the peril without being only less than the peril within. On one occasion a servant of the writer had a narrow escape from death:

"One night I could scarcely sleep, the explosions were so loud and frequent. Before we retired, George had

been lying without the door. I had arisen about twelve o'clock, and stood looking out at the different courses of light marking the passage of the shells, when I noticed that George was not in his usual place at the entrance. On looking out, I saw that he was sleeping soundly, some little distance off, and many fragments of shell falling near him. I aroused him, telling him to come to the entrance for safety. He had scarcely started, when a huge piece of shell came whizzing along, which fortunately George dodged in time, and it fell in the very spot where he had so lately slept."

At another time a more imminent danger menaced the cave and all it contained:

"It was about four o'clock, one Wednesday evening—the shelling during the day had gone on about as usual—I was reading in safety, I imagined, when the unmistakable whirring of Parrott shells told us that the battery was so much feared had opened from the entrenchments. I ran to the entrance to call the servants in; and immediately after they entered, a shell struck the earth a few feet from the entrance, burying itself without exploding. I ran to the little dressing room, and could hear them striking around us on all sides. I crouched closely against the wall, for I did not know at that moment one might strike within the cave. A man came in much frightened, and asked to remain until the danger was over. The servants stood in the little niche by the bed, and the man took refuge in the small ell where I was stationed. He had been there but a short time, standing in front of me, and near the wall, when a Parrott shell came whirling in at the entrance, and fell in the center of the cave before us, lying there smoking. Our eyes were fastened upon it, while we expected every moment the terrible explosion would ensue. I pressed my child closer to my heart, and drew nearer to the wall. Our fate seemed almost certain. The poor man who had sought refuge within was most exposed of all. With a sudden impulse, I seized a large double blanket that lay near, and gave it to him for the purpose of shielding him from the fragments; and thus we remained for a moment, with our eyes fixed in terror on the missile of death, when George, the servant boy, rushed forward, seized the shell, and threw it into the street, running swiftly in the opposite direction. Fortunately, the fuse had become nearly extinguished, and the shell fell harmless—remaining near the mouth of the cave, as a trophy of the fearlessness of the servant and our remarkable escape."

Nor was the life without its petty discomforts, mingling annoyance and privation with the perpetual fear. Food was scanty, coarse, and not always wholesome; horses lived mainly on cane tops and mulberry leaves, and cows instead of finding food, became such to those so lucky as to look upon vegetable beef. Mrs. M. thus chronicles one of these minor fortunes of war:

"One afternoon I was looking out on the opposite hill, where the shells were falling frequently. I noticed a very large, fine cow slowly grazing on the side, and ascending higher and higher as she moved. It was a matter of wonder with me where she came from, for beef cattle of all kinds had disappeared from Vicksburg. The cow was in fine condition; and I thought: Poor creature, you are not prudent in eating such dangerous grass. A short time before tea, M— came up laughing, and said: 'Providence has indeed sent you fresh meat, so that you will not have to depend upon mule. A fine cow has been killed by a shell on the opposite hill. The General has taken the meat, and a large share has been sent to you.'"

Here is another of those terrible incidents for which the siege will be recalled with a shudder by its participants, while life and memory last:

"A soldier, named Henry, had noticed my little girl often, bringing her flowers at one time, an apple at another, and again a young mocking bird, and had attached her to him much by these little kindnesses. Frequently, on seeing him pass, she would call his name, and clap her hands gleefully, as he rode the general's handsome horse for water, causing him to prance past the cave for her amusement. She called my attention to him one morning, saying: 'O mamma, look at Henry's horse how he plays?' He was riding a small black horse that was exceedingly wild, and striving to accustom it to the rapid evolutions of the Texas troops, turning in his saddle to grasp something from the ground, as he moved speedily on. Soon after, he rode the horse for water; and I saw him return and fasten it to a tree. Afterward I saw him coming down the hill opposite, with an unexploded Sharp's shell in his hand. In a few moments I heard a quick explosion in the ravine, followed by a cry—a sudden, agonized cry. I ran to the entrance, and saw a courier, whom I had noticed frequently passing by, roll slowly over into the rivulet of the ravine and lie motionless at a little distance; Henry—oh, poor Henry!—holding out his mangled arms—the hands torn and hanging from the bleeding, ghastly wrists—a fearful wound in his head—the blood pouring from his wounds. Shot, gasping, wild, he staggered around, crying piteously, 'Where are you, boys? O boys, where are you? Oh, I am hurt! I am hurt! Boys, come to me!—come to me! God have mercy! Almighty God, have mercy! My little girl clung to my dress, saying, 'O mamma, poor Henry's killed! Now he'll die, mamma. Oh, poor Henry! I carried her away from the painful sight. Henry died that night, still unconscious of the sorrowful comrades around his bed—still calling on God

to pity him. After the bodies of the wounded men had been carried away, we heard loud wailings and cries in the direction of the city. I was told a negro woman, in walking through the yard, had been struck by a fragment of shell, and instantly killed. The screams of the women of Vicksburg were the saddest I have ever heard. The wailings over the dead seemed full of a heart-sick agony. I cannot attempt to describe the thrill of pity, mingled with fear, that pierced my soul, as suddenly vibrating through the air would come these sorrowful shrieks!—these pitiful moans!—sometimes almost simultaneously with the explosion of a shell. This anguish over the dead and wounded, was particularly low and mournful, perhaps from the depression. Many women were utterly sick through constant fear and apprehension. It is strange that the ladies were almost constantly in caves, and yet, did one go out for a short time, she was almost certain to be wounded; while the officers and soldiers rode and walked about, with very little destruction of life ensuing."

In these pages are touching exhibitions both of endurance and bravery, which lead us to respect many of the defenders of Vicksburg as "foemen worthy of our steel." It is a pleasure to record incidents like the following:

"A federal soldier left on the field, badly wounded in the leg, had begged most piteously for water; and lying near the confederate entrenchments, his cries were all directed to the confederate soldiers. The firing was heaviest where he lay, and it would have been at the risk of a life to have gone to him; yet, a confederate soldier asked and obtained leave to carry water to him, and stood and fanned him in the midst of the firing, while he eagerly drank from the heroic soldier's canteen."

Nor were the rebel soldiers deficient in that passive courage which is often more difficult than the impulsive daring of a moment:

"Already the men in the rifle pits were on half rations—flour or meal enough to furnish bread equivalent in quantity to two biscuits in two days; many of them ate it all at once, and the next day fasted, preferring, as they said, to have one good meal. So they sat cramped up all day in the pits—their rations cooked in the valley and brought to them—scarcely daring to change their position and stand erect, for the federal sharpshooters were watching for their heads; and to rise above the breastworks was almost certain death. Frequently, a Parrott shell would penetrate the intrenchments, and exploding, cause frightful wounds, and death most frequently."

"Ah," said M—, one day, it is to the noble men in the rifle pits that Vicksburg will owe ought of honor she may gain in this siege. I reverse them, as I see them undergoing every privation with courage and patience, anxious only for the high reputation of the city. They amused themselves, while lying in the pits, by cutting out little trinkets from the wood of the parapet and the Minie balls that fell around them. Major Fry, from Texas, a soldier of skill and ready invention, I think, sent me one day an arm-chair that he had cut from a Minie ball—the most minute affair of the kind I ever saw, yet perfectly symmetrical. At another time, he sent me a diminutive plow made from the parapet wood, with traces of lead, and a lead point made from a Minie ball."

After all this patience, pain and peril, the hour came when the husband of the fair historian entered with a pale face, saying sadly:

"It's all over! The white flag floats from our forts! Vicksburg has surrendered!" He put on his uniform coat, silently buckled on his sword, and prepared to take out the men, to deliver up their arms in front of the fortification. I felt a strange unrest, the quiet of the day was so unusual. I walked up and down the cave until M returned. The day was extremely warm; and he came with a violent headache. He told me that the federal troops had acted splendidly; they were stationed opposite the place where the confederate troops marched up and stacked their arms; and they seemed to feel sorry for the poor fellows who had defended the place for so long a time. Far different from what he had expected, not a jeer or taunt came from any one of the federal soldiers. Occasionally, a cheer would be heard; but the majority seemed to regard the poor unsuccessful soldiers with a generous sympathy. After the surrender, the old gray-headed soldier, in passing the hill near the cave, stopped, and touching his hat, said: 'It's a sad day this, madam; I little thought we'd come to it, when we first stopped in the intrenchments. I hope you'll yet be happy, madam, after all the trouble you've seen.' To which I mentally responded, 'Amen.' The poor, hunch-backed soldier, who had been sick, and who, at home in southern Missouri, is worth a million of dollars, I have been told, yet within Vicksburg has been nearly starved, walked out to-day in the pleasant air, for the first time for many days."

And so the proud city was ours at last, and the details of its memorable siege are but stories of the past, materials for legend and song.

MORNING AIR.—It is a common and favorite opinion with many people that the morning air is the purest and most bracing; but the very opposite is the fact. The air is full of dampness, fog, miasm, at about sunrise, when the sun, however, soon dissipates. Before engaging in anything like exercise or work in the early morning out of doors, it is conducive to health to take a warm cup of coffee, if breakfast is not to be had.—*Medical Journal.*

Under which Gens. Grant and Pemberton met and agreed upon terms for the surrender of Vicksburg, on the 3d of July last, has been cut to pieces by soldiers who wished to obtain souvenirs of the memorable event. Not satisfied with appropriating trunk and branches, they have burrowed into the earth and seized every root which could be secured, as relics. Persons who have in their possession even a small piece of this wood prize it highly.

AN APPEAL TO LOYAL WOMEN.

We agree most heartily with the declaration of one of our best exchanges that there are many women who are doubtless trembling for the safety of sons and brothers in the army, and yet hourly doing very much to prolong the war and bring it to a disastrous result.

The mournful inconsistency happens in this way. While the war lasts our commerce is obstructed, and our producing power largely expended, not in agriculture and manufactures, but in military activities. We have not, as formerly, a large surplus of raw materials to exchange for the choice products of foreign taste and skill. The grain that once fed the artisan abroad now feeds the soldier at home. The cotton that once supplied English looms and paid for English broadcloths is now sent to feed the choice products of foreign taste and skill. The grain that once fed the artisan abroad now feeds the soldier at home. The cotton that once supplied English looms and paid for English broadcloths is now sent to feed the choice products of foreign taste and skill.

If we buy luxuries as before, we must pay the inevitable balance in domestic gold, and gold is at a premium of seventy per cent. Gold is the life-blood of the nation, and we not only bring it out in drops but pour it out in streams to win the means of extravagance and display. Success in war is usually with the longest purse. Uncle Sam's purse reaches from California to New York, but what avails its length so long as the eagles pour continuously from the gap at the eastern end?

This extravagance is largely referable to women. Furniture and equipment, if not purchased by her, are chosen with reference to her taste. And most of the magnificence in dress and living which is bringing the country to the verge of bankruptcy, is her personal work. She does not know it; she has not meant it; but it is time that she should learn that when she buys a needless foreign toy, she pays for it not from her own abundance but from her country's peril. She is taking from the nation in its hour of need, that which it can spare least of all. She is bleeding the sick man, already poisoning for want of nourishment and tonics. The Boston Transcript, in a recent and timely article, shows clearly that to the mistimed luxuries of the wealthy is due the alarming costliness of the necessities of life. It says:

"To cater to this unseasonable appetite for show—to enable the frivolous, the inconsiderate and the self-seeking to go clad in silks and ermines—our foreign importations are stimulated to an unhealthy and unparalleled extent, and millions in gold are needlessly sent out of the country, at a time when all the sinews of war are wanted to help our success in the field, and to fortify the government against that financial embarrassment which always eventually brings in its train political and military debility and demoralization. The present immediate consequence is an enormous rise in all the necessities of life, distressing to the poor; and visiting with alarm and anxiety thousands of households."

ECONOMY IS THE REMEDY.

If these evils have arisen through the expenditures of women, the remedy is largely in their hands. They can make economy fashionable, as they have already made charity. They can show by precept and example, that to flout these costly imported fabrics in public is in deplorably bad taste, that the woman who does so is either recklessly disloyal, or lamentably ignorant, or hopelessly vulgar. But, besides, it is true, are not given to reflection. They will flatter their gay pinions in the sunshine, though it gleams from the edge of a dark cloud whose gathering tempest shall drench them into ruin. But the fair and frivolous are largely imitative of the thoughtful and refined. The women who give tone to society have tact and culture; they are quick to see and generous to feel and dextrous to adapt. They can make their slight sisters ashamed of their untimely gauds, unbefitting the peril in whose shadow the nation lies. The article from which we have quoted above recommends the formation of a ladies' loyal league, which shall pledge its members to sacrifice the sex's delicate dower, even the love of the beautiful, for the country's good. Who will not bless the fair fingers that lay the camellia of fashion upon the loyal shrine? The Transcript says:

"Probably there are twenty thousand women in our large cities who could, by the effect of their example, and by an organized combination in favor of an economical reform in respect to dress, bring down the price of gold twenty per cent. within three months. Surely there are good women and true, numerous enough, and bold enough to defy all the sneers of interested or apathetic parties; women who, braving all ridicule and misconstruction, are willing to pledge themselves to maintain, while this war lasts, a decent economy in their attire; to discourage the importation of those expensive foreign fabrics for dress and furniture, the use of which sends gold out of the country with no corresponding benefit to the people."

And the many thousands of noble women who have always been mere spectators of fashionable display; those, too, can aid immensely in the beneficent work. They can withhold from persistent peacocks the admiration for which their plumes are spread.

How to Keep Children Healthy.

The mortality among the children in our cities, as well as in the country, is sad to contemplate. Is there any necessity for this? Are all these children sent into the world to be thus early cut down? Are not nine out of ten of these early deaths the result of ignorance? What parents ever lost a child, except by accident, without thinking:

"If I had treated it differently, it would not have died?" The loss of our own three first-born has led us to think much upon this topic, and three almost always healthy living ones are evidences that our studies on the subject have not been in vain. Few hints on the topic may be without use.

Next to securing plenty of sound sleep, or rather before it, we place the proper preparation of food. The kind of food they eat is not of half so much consequence as the manner of its preparation. Give a child a hard apple and let him swallow it in pieces from the size of a large pea upward. The result will be, that the lumps will be partly worn off by the coats of the stomach, and partly dissolved by the gastric juice; but after a time, the remaining portion of the lumps will be forced down into the intestines and go through the length of fifteen to twenty feet, producing at least griping and irritation all the way if not diarrhoea or dysentery. But first scrape or mash the apple to a fine pulp, and it may then be eaten with impunity, and with benefit, if ripe or nearly so.

Feed a child on boiled potatoes cut up, or on potatoes coarsely mashed and fried in fat, and you will be pretty sure to find more or less of lumps of potatoes remaining undigested. How can it be otherwise than that these lumps must have produced irritation in the intestines. But mash the same potatoes finely before feeding them, and then the fine material will be digested and afford nutriment instead of giving uneasiness "under the apron."

The same holds true of most meats. Cut up fine—as fine as shot almost—they will be digested, and produce nourishment; while if fed in coarse pieces, they will lie in the stomach like a meat poultice on the outside, the cause of uneasiness if not of inflammation. Feed raisins and nuts to children, and unless very strong and vigorous, the chances are that they will incur immediate sickness or a weakened system, liable to be affected by the first change of heat and cold.

Chop these same raisins or nuts finely, reducing them almost to powder, and they may be eaten in moderate quantities with impunity. These remarks apply to all kinds of food, and, in a measure, to grown people as well as to children.

Many persons are over nice or anxious as to what their children eat, and often reduce them to skeletons, or unfit them for a vigorous resistance of colds and malaria diseases, by feeding them on toast or rice, weak gruel, &c. Give them, rather, a good supply of hearty food finely reduced, that it will be quickly digested in the stomach, and they will grow vigorous and be able to withstand the changes of climate, and the exposures to which they are ever liable. Mothers, consider these things, and see if they are not true, and in accordance with reason.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE ONE GREAT IDEA IN THE BIBLE.

As in Beethoven's matchless sonnets there runs one idea, worked out through all the change of measure and of key, now almost hidden, now pointed at in vivid minor sweetness, now breaking out in rich natural melody, whispered in the treble, murmured in the bass, dimly suggested in the prelude, but growing clearer as the work proceeds, winding back till it ends in the key in which it began, and closes in triumphant harmony, so throughout the whole Bible there runs one great idea, man's ruin by sin, and his redemption by grace; in a word, Jesus Christ the Saviour. This runs through the Old Testament, that prelude to the New, dimly promised at the fall, and more clearly to Abraham; typified in the ceremonies of the law; all the events of sacred history paving the way for his coming; his descent proved in the genealogies of Ruth and Chronicles; spoken of as Shiloh by Jacob, as the star of Balaam, as the Prophet by Moses, the son of David of the Psalms, the Redeemer looked for by Job, the beloved of the Song of Songs?

We find in the sublime strains of the lofty Isaiah, in the writings of the tender Jeremiah, in the mysteries of the contemplative Ezekiel, in the visions of the beloved Daniel; the great idea growing clearer and clearer as the time drew on. Then the full harmony broke out in the songs of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men!" And evangelists and apostles taking up the theme, the strain closed in the same key in which it began; the devil who troubled the first paradise, forever excluded from the second, man restored to the favor of God, and Jesus Christ the key note of the whole!

A chap down in New Haven had courted a girl, giving her a number of presents, to keep her admiration all right; but differences arose, and a squabble was the result. Offended lover calls on his Mary Ann, and requests "that dress pattern" given her last week. She passes over the demure dry goods. "All take that photograph album, if you please." She extracted the pictures and returned the volume. "Give me back that ring!" No sooner said than done. "Now I just want you to take out those teeth I paid thirty dollars for, and give them to me in about four seconds." This was to much of a "game game," and the female beat a hasty retreat.